

11 Decr.

I N V O C A T I O N S,

ADDRESSED TO

THE DEITY,
THE OCEAN, AND TO WOMAN.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE DISSOLUTION,

A
FRAGMENT.

I, pete famam.

HOR.

London:

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16.



D E D I C A T I O N.

TO MISS ***.

MADAM,

IF a combination of the heav'n-
liest virtues, of the most elegant
accomplishments, and of a form,
where dignity and love, in unison,
combine, could warrant tributes
of unmeaning adulation,—even
the hacknied panegyrist would
not know how to cull his words,

or

or to form his phrases, adequate to
the celebration of your merits.

HAPPY should I have been to
have prefixed your Name to this
Dedication, as a tower of strength
against the shafts of malevolent
criticism ;—but, too sensible of
the many imperfections in these
trifles,—too anxious for your
fame—for your repose—I would
not place it in the power of a cen-
sorous world to impeach your
taste, or to dishonour your under-
standing.

To

[v]

To you, susceptible of the
finest feelings which adorn human
nature—to your unlimited genero-
sity—I need not appeal:—you can
overlook imperfection—you can
find beauties hidden from the com-
mon eye—you can trace virtues on
a barren soil.

When you peruse these INVO-
CATIONS, call forth all your can-
dour; and, however justified you
may be in condemning the Au-
thor's head, spare! oh spare his
heart!—

Insensible

Insensible to the honours of a corrupt world,—my only happiness, my only honour, which neither the gold, or the despotism of Indus should induce me to resign, is that of being considered

Your most devoted servant,
for ever.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following species of composition very few have attempted, and in it still fewer have succeeded.

In the English language there is hardly an instance of even mediocrity ; and in the French and German, if we except the Abbés *Reyrac* and *Reynal*, *Fenelon* and *Gesner*, who have particularly excelled in this beautiful branch of literature, very few are deserving of notice.

If I have failed, I have this consolation to alleviate my fall :—but should these INVOCATIONS meet with a favourable reception, the Author will be induced to make very considerable additions to the subjects

he

he has already noticed, as well as by annexing others which he has in contemplation.

The Fragment on the Dissolution is to be considered only as the outline of a much more extensive effort, which at some future period he may be induced to lay before the public.

{ c }

IN V O C A T I O N
To the Deity.

*Adspice hoc sublime candens, quem invocant omnes
Iovis; patrem domique, bonitatis hunc fregere.*

FATHER ALMIGHTY ! all benevolent ! all comprehending ; — creator of space infinite, measurable ! of worlds unnumbered ! — kind dispenser of blessings undeserv'd ! — to thee, parent of all, I sing in joyful lays ! — How wonderful ! how supreme ! — lawful are thy works ! how unfathomable !

B

abc

able is thy will!—whether we narrow minded mortals, we imperfect images of thy ethereal spirit, explore the labyrinths of existence; or, at a bound from earth to heaven, measure the rolling worlds on high!—whether we revolt to ages past and view the delug'd plains, the emerg'd mountains, the tremendous desolation of the globe; or look forward to futurity, the gulph of expectation, uncertain, unknown!

O, thou Divinity! passing the utmost verge of human reason, in knowledge passing the confines of thy own domains.—'Tis sacrilege to scan thy projects.

jects. 'Tis blasphemy to question thy designs!—Was the whole universe dis- sever'd into atoms, was each atom a Man, an Angel! then would the whole, compared to thee, be as one particle to the whole.

Great God! great King of Kings! absolute, yet merciful. Upright Judge, whose judgments none can e'er arraign!—Oh mighty sovereign, wondrous accomplisher of a system, infinite;—a fabric governed by laws invariable, incomprehensible, until a *Newton*, noble specimen of Man, index of thy own unbounded mind, first

trod down the weeds of false hypothesis, disfever'd the trammels of superstition, and unveil'd the simple mechanism of myriads of worlds.

Here let me consider thy noblest work; a man, endowed with heav'nly wisdom! a mortal spurning his fellow creature's groveling paths, winged his daring flight into the regions of ethereal space:—whose capacity unfathomable as the ocean, endless as the firmament,—whose imagination coruscating as the starry horizon, and whose genius brilliant as the prolific warmer of the earth, or as the blazing comet, whose revolutions he defined.

Oh,

Oh, Newton! by thee the laws of gravitation were first explored; thro' thee, the visionary projects of a Ptolemy, a Tycho Brahe, and a Des Cartes, met their deserved fate!— through thee, the darkness which for ages had obscured the minds of men was dissipated to the wind.—The planets no longer roll'd through traceless orbits, and kept their undeviating ways, incomprehensible, round the luminary of the world. No longer was the beauteous order of the universe, to the human mind, unknown; no longer were we confin'd only to admire, no longer doom'd to unintelligent obscurity.—

obscurity.—God said let there be light,
and Newton couched the powers of
man's perception.

— Ruler of all ! we have viewed thy
deeds—but the spring that gives them
motion is to us inexplicable,—a trace-
less labyrinth more dark than mid-
night, when storms do howl discordant
music to the superstitious ear, yawns
its wide portal to our discernless minds.
That man is born, he knows not why ;
that earth should vegetate, he knows
not how ; that worlds should float, he
knows not where ; proves, great God,
what we are, what thou art !

Awful

Awful as we view thy power when
Spheres immense are pois'd by thy al-
mighty will, on airy nothing—tremen-
dous as thy acts do seem when worlds
are wreck'd—when desolation spreads
a dreary waste o'er the once fruitful
plain—when the hoary oak, which for
ages hath withstood the boisterous ele-
ments is wrested from the bowels of
the earth ;—when Herculaneum and
Messina in an instant were immured in
torrid sulphur,—when continents have
funk within the wat'ry waste, mountains
have tumbled headlong in the fathom-
less abyss, and wandering comets have

fill'd

fill'd the world with dread alarms,
yet great, yet nobly good are all thy
works.

Though slaughtering millions gra-
tified the ambition of Alexander and
of Cæsar,—though Neros have, re-
morseless, tortur'd victims of their
power—though lust hath rack'd the
fancies of a Caligula, of a Cleopatra,
to form some new designs of blifs,
—though plagues and earth-quakes,
storms and wrecks have swept whole
nations from off the globe: yet 'tis
impious to question thy providential,
far difusing mercies.

Almighty

Almighty Father—thou hast giv'n an unmodel'd, lifeless lump of matter, form and motion—crude and indigested chaos, beauty and design. It is thou, that out of clay-cold earth hast fill'd the universe with millions of animated beings, each from the ephemera of the day, to the most potent monarch of the plains ; or the huge mountains of the waters, having the power to will and act without exertion !

How infinitely more wise, how wonderfully superior is thy design, when we farther contemplate that each has a destined end, that we are not

formed for nothing : but have appropriate courses for to run, and projects to accomplish, which no human power can blast.

But when our mind is fix'd on man—when we bend our thoughts towards ourselves, then are we lost in wonder.—Other animals possess instinct, and satisfy the cravings which nature has implanted in them—they perform the functions unto which they are destined, and annihilate, when the purport of their existence is fulfilled. Man is devoted to a wider field—he from the birth gradually acquires re-

son, feels passions agitate his swelling breast, and knows not whence they came, or whither tendeth ;—whose brain perpetually on the wing, when the body slumbers, finds no rest, and by supplying imaginary bliss, drives real woes away.

Human nature, strange combination of heterogeneous matter—but for thy interference, oh merciful Divinity, we had been tossed and buffeted o'er seas of troubles, and wreck'd upon the shoals of our own ungovern'd passions. Inclination, as a whirlwind, would have urg'd us on to inevitable

destruction, had not thy all-gracious goodness giv'n us aid and resolution to stem the torrent of worldly ills, and kindly promis'd rewards and happiness to virtuous heroism.

While the routine of nature leads other animals through one unvaried course of life, emerg'd in apathy, no unruly passions rend their soul, no turbulent desires precipitate them to destruction ; but, no softer feelings—no ardent friendships—no tender loves, make life an object of request. Man thou hast wisely plac'd within the grasp of happiness ; but we, frail creatures,

are

are wasted by the gale of popularity,
and hurried down the stream of wretched-
edness.

Graciously thou hast promis'd us
life hereafter—a glorious immortality
hast thou offer'd to thy faithful ser-
vants. But, knowing the frailties of
our nature, knowing how unfit we are
to sip the cup of blessedness in our
present state, with caution provident
hast thou placed us here, to stem the
storms and troubles of this transient
life—wonderfully adapted to fit us for
a world of endless and unbounded
happiness.

Yet,

Yet, in this probationary life, all
 is not sorrow ;—we have our trials and
 our woes ;—but thy innumerable mer-
 cies, thy unrivall'd acts of goodness to
 thy imperfect creatures, reduce what
 we call real griefs to visionary ills.

Not so with those who contemn thy
 works ; corrodng misery galls their
 days, and spurns contentment from
 their door—e'en though they pass this
 life in worldly affluence, in costly splen-
 dour, yet conscience, roused from her
 lethargic slumber, whispers unpleas-
 ing truths to their distracted souls.

The

The hour that brings us into life,
informs us also we must die—To some,
short is their span to make their peace
with Heav'n—to others, thou hast
granted many days;—but great is the
work that we are doom'd to perfect, and
how inadequate are all our labours to
insure salvation; yet we, improvident
mortals, exist in apathy years on years,
reviewing not the idle hours we have
pass'd, the evil deeds we have done, or
in future, resolving to reform our ways,
and lead a life of godly innocence.

Parent of all (friendly epithet) to thee
I humbly pray ne'er to lock up those
mercies

mercies thou hast reveal'd to us, ne'er
to change benignity and love to dire
yet deserved punishment.

On thee, our Father, and our all, the
universe depends ;—through thee hol-
low-jaw'd famine is driven from our
doors—through thee, piercing cold
winter freezes not the vital stream, or
Icorching summer absorbs the vigour
of our frame. 'Twas you that gave
us life, and now doth grant us nou-
ishment. On you, solely we depend ;
to you, we look for all our comforts,
and trust to you, for happiness to
come.

Grant,

Grant, O God ! that the Book of
Fate be not blotted out for ever.—
Grant that we, who, from our imper-
fect natures, although enabled to dis-
tinguish right from wrong, although
promis'd mercies unnumber'd, and al-
ready o'erwhelm'd with blessings un-
merited, are perpetually exposed to
temptation's wily shafts, or often
wreck'd on fortune's rugged rocks, be
not left to sink unaided.

With these swelling surges, these
shallow quick-sands, thou hast doom-
ed us to contend ; and, on the steep
and pathless pinnacle, hast thou plac'd

D a crown

a crown of glory ; some to whom fortitude vouchsafes her nervous arm, the labour vanisheth—and the task is done.

A second class, slow and sure, in time attain the wish'd-for goal.— Others there are, whom fits of resolution suddenly assail, and in a moment leave a traceless void behind. But they are far more numerous, whom no thoughts do bend towards their future happiness ; negligent they pass thro' life, nor observe the gulph that yawns destruction to their barter'd souls.—

To

(19)

To these, Father of mercies ! grant thy
providential aid ; on all shower down
thy blessings, and judge us not, as we
judge others.

D 2

(6)

verb during festivitatem locutus est ad eum
et web reword it's no ; if he is living
ew se Jon zu egypte ihm segne dñe
.and he says i

(58)

I N V O C A T I O N

TO THE

O C E A N.

*Mucibus erigitur, et lumenque aquare videtur
Pontus, & inducas aspergine tangere nubes.*

OVID.

R UDE, rough, rugged tyrant—beguiling grave of mortals. But hark! how dissonant thy swelling surges, how awful those clashing waters!—that fierce face that frowns on man, at times assumes the hypocrite, and as the Sirens, enticeth to destruction!

O Demosthenes, father of oratory!
thou didst right to assail this roaring
bully,

bully, to enure thee to the turbulent
and discontented spirits of an irresolute
and falling people.

When mankind first saw thee ;
they trembled at thee ;—they tempted
not thy fallacious surface ;—homely
and content they sought not foreign
luxuries ; they quarrell'd not for trace-
less boundaries ; thy rude waves vent-
ed their venom on themselves. But
now emerg'd in dissipation, unnerv'd,
to satisfy our dainty appetites, we
traverse o'er thy wide domains.

Great

Great thy power, and cruel is thy will—we trust in thee, and are deceived —we have faith, and yield our all, our life, to thy appetite—but never art thou satisfied.

When, on thy briny field, the proud vessel bends her onward way—when she, triumphant, ploughs along—borne by the western gale, and seems to ride aloof, the pride of power—her hoarse-sounding throats arrang'd on either side —vomiting forth fire—and lording o'er the cock-boat, shiv'ring at her threats —or when the numerous fleet, array'd for sturdy contest, the colours wafting in

in the wind, sends forth blood and desolation, crimsoning thy verdant waters—Imperious thou, and aggravated by polluted billows, doth shew thy power—how infinitely more grievous is thy anger!

When nation contends with nation, and fleets hostile, meet fleets ; nearly equal is the fray, and poor the victory :—but when thy mighty vengeance is arous'd, these pigmy fights are soon decided by thy destructive parley.

Short is the span of life we mortals have to run, and wide the sphere whereon

whereon we dwell ; but envy rankles
In our breasts, and breaks down the
barriers of honour and of honesty.—
Hence riseth fierce discord, which, from
the savage to the courtier, inflames the
soul and destroys humanity.

Yet thy anger oft is wreaked on the
fair merchant, who, intent on gain,
risks his all upon thy uncertain will ;
who, ruined oft by thy mad caprice in
hopes of future recompence, of prof-
perous gales, and of unruffled seas,
again commits himself an adventurer
on thy wide domains.

At times, for leagues he gently
stems the current of thy waves, and,
when serenity around doth seem sub-
servient to his hopes, when the azure
sky, emblem of peace, doth line the
horizon, till lost in the distant mist, to
the impervious eye ; when through the
tackle Sol doth dart his beams, as the
ignis fatuus, corruscating on the deck,
and, to the harden'd seaman, yields a
bronze equal to Arabia's plains ; then
doth he reckon all his freight, the
wealth that he'll accumulate by this
prosperous venture ; and, fraught with
the hopes of future such, draws a veil

o'er

o'er his former troubles, considering,
for his hoary age, abundance is in
store.

Alas ! how inadequate are the means
which man employs to secure prospe-
rity.—Hope, thou fond, false flatterer,
thou courteous substitute for truth—
in imagination thou exalteth the hum-
ble, and placeth on the head of the
beggar the imperial diadem ! to all
thou art a pleasing deceiver ; and, was
it not for thy friendly comfort, tho'
reality is estranged from thy bosom,
despair and suicide would depopulate
the world.

Thus does the merchant build like
 Babel's ambitious sons, until a storm
 involves the bright hemisphere in
 dreary darkness, and on the approaching
 night, heav'n, as if in unison, with thun-
 dering horrors darts forth fire on the
 devoted vessel.—E'en rough Bo-
 seas inflates his jaws, and glories in the
 fray: then dost thou, old green-ey'd
 monster, fwell thy frothy mountains in
 contact with the fwoin clouds.

A little while she scuds it on, and,
 confident in her oaken sides, braves
 the horrors of the storm;—the sails,
 grown ponderous with the briny waters,
divide

divide the stubborn yard, and torrents
shower upon the labouring seaman;—
the bow-sprit, unus'd to bend, now
feels the weight of concussing elements,
and the tall main-mast, that assai'd the
sky, disjointed from its station, with
a sailor clinging round its knotted
strength, floateth o'er the deep.

Yet Hope, still buoyant in their
minds, preserves her reign o'er the
fascinated crew. The pilot yet exerts
his sway, in hopes of pleasing prospects
on the wish'd-for morn.

But, how dread a landscape does
Aurora's beams unfold to these dis-

tracted

tracted sons of woe !—The steep, rude,
rock that towers on high, in whose
caverns pitchy darkness holds despotic
sway, and frothy surges bound from
side to side ; where the backward crab
finds an habitation in the recesses perfor-
ated by the deep, and the monarch of
the skies builds his nest on the pinnacle
of destruction—there, to feel pangs of
premature death, after strug gling with
thy damn'd despotism, after buffeting
thy fierce colleague. Æolus, after being
delug'd by the floating islands of the
air, to be splinter'd by the unpolish'd
marble's rugged sides, is more than e'en

Seneca

Seneca or Socrates were fortified to bear.

How little does the landsman know
of thy unstable will—when the gentle
zephyr smooths thy deceitful face,
forming a mirror to the beauteous
damsel as wand'ring on thy shores—
whence stretching oft her sight towards
an absent love, relying on thy faith, the
calmness of thy waters dispels a me-
lancholy, foreboding ten thousand ills—
her far-divided love reigns uppermost
in her soul; each brisker gale presents
him to her phrensy'd mind, each hur-
ricane involves him in the deep;—at
length,

strength, in faint'ring accents she prays
aloud for mercy to the merciless ! —

“ Where'er thy vast domain doth
“ reach, there the fondest and most
“ faithful needs protection ; — there my
“ heart doth cleave, though separated
“ by thy fathomless abyss ; — there are
“ all my thoughts directed ; — and
“ there, the only prop whereon doth
“ rest my disappointed love. Father
“ of Waters ! have mercy on my prayer
“ — preserve him, restore him to the
“ heart that bleeds incessantly, unop-
“ press'd with care, and unchang'd his
“ love ! On the vessel that bears him

dropt

“ hither

" hither ; blow propitiously ye
 " winds ! make her surpass the fleetest
 " courser when bounding o'er the unin-
 " cumber'd plain ; make her dart for-
 " ward as the arrow from the bow, or
 " as the fatal lightning from the an-
 " ger'd heav'ns,
 " Hear me, God of Waters ! hear a
 " miserable maiden open all her foul
 " to thy omnipotence. Oft hast thou
 " inflicted many a cruel pang on the
 " noblest and best of men. Oft hast
 " thou widow'd the happy wife, and
 " wrested from the tender infant, nou-

" rishment and protection ;—and oft,
" as the gorging shark, who holds a
" lodgement on thy premises, hast
" thou swallowed up rich and poor,
" bad and good, at one, unfeeling,
" bloody meal !—A chaste, unhappy
" Virgin, now craves that protec-
" tion 'tis not consonant to thy feel-
" ings to scatter plentifully : she asks
" a little pity, for much thou can'st
" not grant ;—she asks thee, implores
" thee humbly, to restore her absent
" love !—Cytherea's Queen does
" deign to plead, and Hymen suppli-
" cates. Father, smile propitious on
my

" my prayers, and bid thy Tritons
 " Sooth thy waves ! "

Whimsical is thy will, not rul'd by
 rectitude, or influenc'd by compassion
 —the murderer finds protection in
 traversing thy kingdoms ; the scoun-
 drel's best resource is in thy undistin-
 guishing and unprincipl'd friendship ;
 and when the jaded wife is no more
 a zest of pleasurable torment to a bru-
 tish husband, with open arms thou
 receiv'ſt him as thy bosom friend.

To the opulent thou continuest kind—each zephyr blows accumulating wealth to their abundant stores, and each augments their pride, till swoln to savage cruelty. Coalesc'd with fortune, ye dispense your blessings and your tortures in unjust partitions ;—often the needy you reduce to abject wretchedness, and cause the rich to wallow in glittering gold. Justice ne'er holds the scales, ne'er weighs the merit of the candidates for thy favors ;—indiscriminately ye scatter pearls abroad, and feed the com-

mon

mon herd with power and plenty, they
know not the value of.

As the blood-thirsty tyger seeks his
prey, wantonly and unprovok'd—as
cruelty delights his savage breast,
form'd for hatred, for murder sensual
and unprofitable ; as he hides beneath
the plaited bramble, fiery phrenzy
flashing from his scowling eyes,—
damn'd jealousy rankling in his soul
at the happiness he views around, till
pouncing on his devoted prey, the
clotted gore yields but a short respite,
to the victims of his future tyranny.—

Thus,

Thus, ungenerously thou domineerest
o'er the human race : He, something
more noble, shews his haggard eye,
his destructive talon, as beacons to
his mind ;—but thou art all deceit—
gently thy waters undulate from shore
to shore—enticement dwells upon thy
surface, while pleasure similes around.

But in thy heart are lodg'd the
keenest arrows of destruction ;—to thee
is granted power which thou knowest
not how to use ;—all mankind are one
to thee ;—equally thou hast pain'd the
orphan, widow, parent ;—at one
fiat

flat hast thou doom'd thousands to
wretchedness who liv'd in happiness,
in innocence;—who ne'er disputed
thy tyrannic will—who ne'er question-
ed thy despotic power—who ne'er in-
sulted thy polluted billows.

Green-ey'd monster, yield up all thy
prey—shew lifeless carcases, dissever'd
wrecks, unbounded wealth, veil'd by
thy verdant curtain from human
inquisition;—let all thy destructive
deeds pass in review before us;—no
longer let the painter's mockery pour-

tray,

o~~r~~ay, what thou can'st shew beyond
description.

The Father of Heav'ns who made
thee, gave thee power, and thou hast
used it. He told thee thou should'st
be to all mankind a blessing ;—he sup-
ply'd thee with abundance to dispense
thy favors equally ;—haſt thou done
it?—No. The hour that gave thee
birth, made thee a monster—a devil—
colleagu'd with thy brother Æolus, to
torture man.

Sometimes, forsooth, a fit of kind-
ness swells thy bosom ;—sometimes
the

the mariner feels not thy damn'd
phrenzy, at the very time thou art
brooding ill to half the world.

So capricious, so whimsical are thy
ways, no foresight can develop thy
designs :—influenc'd by absurdity, ex-
ecuted unjustly, we know not how
wide thy anger may extend—when it
will begin—or how long it lasts.—
We have experienced what it is, but
are not appris'd of what it may be.—
Thus, in darkness, we blindly tempt
thy power—grant, Old Ocean ! that as
we confide in thee, we may find
mercy.

“*It is a good thing to have a good name*”

—
—
—

10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by each employee.

11. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (Fabricius) *leucostoma* (Fabricius)

10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by each employee.

1000

11. The following table gives the number of hours worked by each of the 1000 workers.

I N V O C A T I O N

TO

W O M A N.

From Woman's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They sparkle till the right *Promethean* fire;
They are the books, the arts, th' academies,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

SHAKESPEARE.

MOST beautiful, most lovely, most
deserving of the creation!—form'd by
Heav'n to bless mankind!—Angels
granted thee all their beauties—the
deities gave thee all their virtues. As

G 2

Sol,

Sol, amid the glimmering stars expands
his rays o'er the wide world, so dost
thou emulate the brilliancy of Phœbus.

Ye discontented sons of earth!—ye
narrow-minded mortals, whose sum-
mit of delight is to rail at beauty!—ye
unnatural beings!—ye devils in human
shape—tell me no more of Adam's
consort ruining the world;—she,
beauteous mother! ne'er was form'd
for guile;—her lovely countenance in-
dex'd no frailties;—her heart, unpol-
luted as the hand that made it, has, in
the

the lapse of time, been distorted thro'
all the shades of infamy.

No more arraign the lovely Helen
—the fascinating Cleopatra. Troy was
no purchase for such charms, and had
I been Antony, I would have resign'd
the world, and gloried in the bargain.

"Tis not thy beauty, Woman, only
captivates the soul—'tis not the fair
form and outward show of grace and
loveliness that enchant's the heart of
man—as God hath given thee power to
decoy, so has he mercifully combin'd

it with a mind form'd for the greatest
deeds of heroism, the strictest acts of
justice, the most charitable of huma-
nity, and the sincerest of friendship.

If we recognise the Spartan dames
who sacrific'd the strongest ties of ma-
ternal love, to patriotism most noble!—
whose thoughts, implanted in a breast
by nature form'd in the tenderest
mould, were matur'd to godlike for-
titude: or, if we regard the Ama-
zons, our veneration for female valour
increases, as we number o'er the
noblest deeds of ancient virtue.

What

What envious soul can blast the
reputation of Penelope, of Lucretia,
the spotless Portia, or of unnumber'd
Roman dames, who ne'er deviated from
the purity of their sex—who enhanc'd
the price of chastity, e'en beyond the
trying stroke of death?

Behold the Mother of the Gracchi,
glorying in her domestic charge;—
her jewels, her brightest ornaments
were the pledges of hallow'd love.—
Conscious of no unruly passions ago-
nising her breast, buoy'd up by no
vain thoughts of pompous pageantry—
her manners simply elegant, truly
dig-

dignified ;—each step aw'd to obeisance the most profligate, and the costliest profusion was eclips'd in her presence.

But wherefore search the records of antiquity for noble samples of female purity—are we not surrounded with modern Minervas?—have we not perpetual instances of fortitude, of justice, of charity, and of all-bewitching modesty, in lovely Woman?—Among the Fair, the most perfect geniuses daily diffuse their benign radiance, and torture jealous man.—Who, of the proud race, can rival

Smith

Smith in pastorals—can equally describe
—can tell a tale of woe with so much
pathos—or emulate her matchless son-
nets? A Williams, Seward and Pi-
ozzi, divide the laurels of Parnassus.
Silleray, with watchful eye, rears the
tender youth in religion and morality,
cropping judiciously, the wild shoots
nurtur'd by infant spirit. The his-
torian's bloody page, to classic ele-
gance Macaulay moulded—and the
gentle Lee, stealing sweet odours from
Imagination's inexhausted fount, the
truths of ages past, beautifully deline-
ated to the sympathetic mind.

Where had we, savage mortals,
been without thee, angelic Woman !—
Unnerv'd by sloth—unstimulated by
desire, in apathy, our days unnum-
bered, had roll'd along—and as we
came naked, and without possessions,
into the world, so had we left it ; or
else fierce discord, and unfeeling cru-
elty, would have wav'd the sword of
desolation 'midst the ambitious sons of
earth.

But here's the tie to sooth the ambi-
tious soul—to confine the false dictates
of renown—to entice the soldier from
the bloody field, when inflated with
the

the pride of conquest—to inform his unreflecting mind, the Deity gave others life, not for the mere sport of each hect'ring bully who wears a sword.

Of all the passions which inspire the human breast, Love ! heav'nly Love ! leads the van—All are subordinate to his dominion—all acknowledge his godlike power. Had he not been—where had we been ?—I startle at the precipice which the very thought pourtrays.—More damn'd than Erebus—more unhappy than the murderer haunted by all the imps of darkness—all the clay-cold spirits of dis-

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traction!—unhappy man had roam'd,
through life, a prey to senseless apathy,
or, whirl'd in the eddy of hostile pas-
sions, been toss'd and buffeted thro'
the seas of fortune, till worn down
with disappointments, a misanthrope,
broken-hearted—suicide had closed
his haggard eyes, long a stranger to
repose.

But 'tis thy province, thy delight,
fair Friend, to sooth our minds to rest,
when disappointment, or when griping
poverty binds us in his toil—no friend
to happiness—or, when disease—the
fierce fever—the quiv'ring ague—the

life-

—lifeless palsy—the hypochondriac, tor-
tur'd with unnumber'd dreams of mi-
serable death, assail us.—Then are thy
kind cares, thy heart-felt tenderness,
oh, lovely sex ! inestimable :—then do
we learn thy value, which, too often
in prosperity we think not of.

When the fond mother clings the
tender offspring to her breast—and, as
she rears the unform'd tendril, solicit-
ous for its future fame, a little while
she dreads what others feel around
her;—but, in an instant, all the he-
ro's mind—the soldier's future deeds

—the orator's prevailing rhetoric—
the statesman's subtlety—or the pa-
triot's disinterestedness—unveil them-
selves to her prepossessed fancy :—
Or, if a young female, ten thousand
latent charms ly hid beneath that
piercing eye—ten thousand conquests
dimple in her cheek.—How wise,
how provident, Nature is ;—thus does
she mould the parent's mind to ecstacy
—and thus, for the helpless infant, se-
cures a friend, no connections—no
climes—no fortunes—e'er can sever.

Such

Such are the offices which unveil
all the innate virtues of thy sex—un-
fold all the graces—and to the form
most noble, to the face most fascinat-
ing, add every charm which Heav'n
e'er gave—which man e'er tasted.

To thee, the proudest conqueror
deigns to stoop—from thee, he hum-
bly supplicates, but from others he
demandeth, and in blood subscribes
his fiat. The stern tyrant, whose
heart grown callous to mercy—whose
repose, haunted by immaterial spectres,
victims of his power—Imagination's
airy

tairy offspring, assumes a milder aspect,
vers'd in hypocrisy, in embryo he sti-
fles ev'ry thought seditious—startles
at other's cruelty—feelingly laments
the depravity of mankind, the wi-
dow's pangs, the orphan's griefs, po-
verty's griping noose, and, as an angel
on a charitable embassy from the ethe-
rial plains, yields comfort to the af-
flicted—scatters food and raiment to
the needy and the naked.

The pedant is not arm'd against
the smile of beauty.—The charms
of classic lore cease to enchain his
mind

) mind—the philosophic folio once more resumes its station on the cobweb'd-shelf—when visions of domestic happiness haunt him with nocturnal vigils.

In the massy volumes of the law—
in dry theology, or in the scientific works of Esculapius' learned sons—where will the student find a charm more potent, friendship more sincere, converse more fascinating, than that which flows from lovely Woman!

E'en the untutor'd rustic, following Nature's dictates, uncultivated as the desolated soil—boorish as the

I rough

rough monster of the woods. Or
the crafty trader, emerg'd in com-
merce, amassing cent. per cent.—
and building castles, emblematic of
his future grandeur, in the untravers'd
air ;—or the weather-worn sailor, the
sport of jarring elements—or the sol-
dier, as marching on the torrid plain,
emulous of the trophies that grace the
hero's brew—whom the tremendous
cannon, resembling gorg'd Etna's ful-
phureous bowels, when, thund'ring dire
destruction o'er the cultivated plains,
stimulates to the noblest deeds of
valour.—All feel the softest passions
which inflame the human breast ;—

all

all acknowledge thy unbounded power,
sov'reign God of Love!—all know
thy excellence—all emulous to enjoy
the greatest bliss the deities have grant-
ed unto mortals—all, all adore thee—
labour for thee—fight for thee—die
for thee—oh heav'nly WOMAN!

(22)

the following is the name of the author.

Wm. H. Dowell is his name.

The choice of title is

-there is a small child running about

with a book in his hand.

He is holding the book in his hands.

THE

DISSOLUTION.

FRAGMENTS.

THE world had lost its equipoise—
revolutions periodic no longer mark'd
the dawning day ;—floating on the
whirl-pool of destruction—borne by
each adverse gale, it clash'd its massy
fides 'gainst other spheres !—Now
darkness, impervious darkness, in sa-
ble cloth'd the desolated plain ;—now

glaring

glaring light assur'd dominion—and
fires, fierce, flaming, scorch'd the
globe.

Etna belch'd its yearning bowels
forth;—Ocean mad, with mad'ning
fury, left its native bed, and continents
emerg'd within its waves;—moun-
tains, whose snowy tops assail' the wa-
ter-freighted clouds, from their foun-
dations hurl'd. Some were consum'd
within the solar orb—while others
moulder'd in an endless voyage.

Nature,

Nature, ghaftly, ponder'd on the
works of heav'n—then heav'd a deadly
sigh, which shook the bottom of her
soul.

Time stood still, desirous of one
more conquest ;—the fleshless monster
infix'd him with his lance—then
breath'd himself, to breathe no more !

From the vaulted chambers of the
skies, angels beheld the awful wreck !
The brazen clasps that clench'd the
Book of Fate, flew from their hold,
and

and to the astonish'd universe these
words pourtray'd,

~~and to THE WORLD'S NO MORE!~~

From the Almighty Court scarce had
this summons issued to the sons of
Earth, than Mausoleums sever'd from
their base, and graves, wide opening,
resign'd the dead ! ———

Along the silent plain, with vulgar
ghouls, stalk'd kings and heroes of
high renown. —— Beggars assum'd a
portly gait, and rank'd with monarchs,
who would once have spurn'd them
from their thrones.

Undif-

Undistinguish'd—Alexander and Cæsar left their tombs, scenes of bloody misery, to record.—Cruel Nero rose, and in his visage still harbour'd enmity against mankind.

In awful state, from the ethereal mansions, slowly descended the SAVIOUR OF MANKIND!—calm, yet firm; just, yet merciful;—his angelic countenance diffus'd benignity and love o'er the wide world.

Majestically seated on the sphere, whence, in days of yore, he infamously was driven,—the Jew, the Deist

K trem-

trembled—and the Atheist (just punishment for Atheism) was annihilated for ever.

Rewards and punishments straightly he distributed amidst the ghastly throng!—the proud monarch, who ne'er vouchsaf'd to hear his subject's plaints—eternal and oppressive bondage was his doom!—To the blood-thirsty warrior,—contention, endless, galls his future days—each battle with the infernal imps secures a wound incurable.

But

But the sovereign, whose people's miseries, whose happiness were his own, the Judge omnipotent crown'd with glory. Seated on a heav'nly throne —there he practiseth all his virtues o'er again, and many a latent spark of excellence, which want of genial warmth had hid from mortal eyes, now beam'd around in bright effulgence.

From the seat of wisdom, the sycophant, whose sense is pride, whose demeanor is servility, contempt invariable was the decree.—To the hypocrite, hypocrisy—and to the avar-

cious mortal, possessions unbounded
fill'd his neighbour's coffers, himself
exempted.

The rogue, whose deeds of villainy
were marked by patriotism, our Sa-
viour doom'd to be the scoff of hell :
—but the real lover of his country
rank'd among the senators of heav'n.

Adulterers, fornicators, flanderers,
murderers, headlong were hurled down
the sulphureous gulph, to rack in tor-
tures coeval and co-eternal with the
universe.

Those

Those whose crimes partook not of
so deep a die, experienced but a transi-
tory punishment—for as our Judge
had promis'd us he would save the
world, only infernal villainy felt in-
fernal punishment.

As once the Son of God, despised
by man, fraught with mercy, left the
world :—now by hosts surrounded, par-
takers of his endless bounty, he wing'd
his rapid flight into the regions of
perpetual harmony.

F I N I S.

